

› Hard Truth Soldier (Redux)

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

Just below the surface is hate  
Retake, Black Panther mind state  
With a platinum heater tucked in my draws  
Still raw, still down for the cause  
Choosin' words wisely  
Knowin' some despisin' what I'm writing, ain't no time for compromising  
Watchin' coons clown, ice cold expression  
Too many on the paper chase with no direction  
So we correct 'em, catch 'em in dresses  
Snatch your b\*t\*h a\*\* backwards myself, 'the f\*\*k you thankin'?'  
"Blap" when the strap buck, now they back up  
Ain't no more act up, now sh\*t ain't funny no more  
I know that some of y'all 'course, ain't feelin' me  
Everyday it seem to get worse, y'all n\*\*\*as killin' me  
I stay low key, and let 'em be with the coon sh\*t  
Blame it on the coon sh\*t, it's real like that  
Cause Hollywood ain't real like that  
Hold up your hands if you feel like that  
Where all my hard truth soldiers at?  
Hit back, it's P-Dog, I never run or buckle  
Knowin' when you look in my eyes as I choke the muzzle  
Always reppin the struggle  
Represent the people, freedom fighter do or die on another level  
Never looking' to settle  
Black metal, Gat Turner with the twin burners, when I buck the devil

[Hook]

What they say, you ain't nothin' but a soldier  
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier  
Believe, you ain't nothin' but a soldier  
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier  
That's right, you ain't nothin' but a soldier  
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier  
Believe, you ain't nothin' but a soldier  
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier

[Verse 2]

So many fake a\*\* J-cat wannabe acts

With them fake raps n\*\*\*as always wanna be macks  
Never face facts, n\*\*\*as always wanna relax  
So I stay black, make them cat n\*\*\*as collapse  
Gives a f\*\*k bout your shine, I'm a rider for mines  
Let the dogs out, never leave a child behind  
Goin' balls out, cause you know I'm knowin' the time  
So I call out, all these coon n\*\*\*as with rhymes  
It's the G-U-E-R, R-I double L, A funk  
Back to black, back with that  
Black fist and blackness black back to business  
B\*t\*h slap ya lip and clap back at pigs  
This is, the movement, I keep it a hundred  
Take it back to the days when the people was on it  
Take it back to the days when black fists was raised  
Take it back to the fight, black people unite, I tell 'em

[Hook]

What they say, you ain't nothin' but a soldier  
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier  
Believe, you ain't nothin' but a soldier  
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier  
That's right, you ain't nothin' but a soldier  
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier  
Believe, you ain't nothin' but a soldier  
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier

[Verse 3]

It's that 1-2-3, the 3 the 2-1  
Paris back in this motherf\*\*ka, muggin' and gunnin'  
To rewind and remind us of what it's about  
Shine light so the blind get to figure it out  
OG Coon killa, who wanna test  
Any n\*\*\*a in a dress, I'ma put him to rest  
Any wannabe pimp police or kingpins that's rappin'  
And pushing poison to kids, I'm killin'  
Like that, n\*\*\*a what? It's hard truth  
The return of the rough, and y'all through  
I'm black manhood, I can't be bought  
Or sold out or co-opted, swayed or paid off  
STOP cosigning' coons, make us all look bad  
STOP cosigning fools say we hatin' and mad  
Man, you motherf\*\*kin' right n\*\*\*as hatin' and mad  
So STOP co signing' coons, make us all look bad

Take us back to the days, back to the start  
Back to the place, back to the art  
Back to the panthers and livin' in peace  
And to community and kids playin' safe in the street  
Take us back to black businesses with black business  
Black wealth and black people doing for self  
Take us back to days so we moving in step  
Till we raise up understand it's freedom or death, and tell 'em  
You ain't nothin' but a soldier  
You ain't nothin' but a soldier  
You ain't nothin' but a soldier  
You ain't nothin' but a soldier  
Straight hard truth soldier

[?]  
Yep yep yep yep, [?]  
Yep yep yep, [?]  
Yep yep yep yep, [?]  
And they know they can't catch me now

Yep yep yep yep, [?]  
[?], [?]  
Yep yep yep yep, [?]  
And they know they can't catch me--

The return of real hip hop  
Where my hard truth soldiers at?  
Where my hard truth soldiers at?  
Say yeah... (yeah!)  
Say yeah... (yeah!)  
Say hell yeah... (hell yeah!)  
Say hell yeah... (hell yeah!)